WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1871.

VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 3.3

Choice Loctry.

[From the Dublin University Magnzine.] THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And He buried him in the land of Moab, over aga DECT. XXXIV: 6.

- By Nebo's lonely mountain, On this side Jordan's wave, In a vale in the land of Monb, There lies a lonely grave; And no man dug that sepulchre,

 - That was the grandest funeral
 That ever passed on earth;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth.
 Noiseleasty as the daylight
 Comes when the night is done.
 And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheel
 Grows into the great sun;

- Noiseleasly at the Spring time Her grown of verdure weaves, And all the trees on all the hills Open their thousand leaves; So, without sound of music, Or voice of them that wept, Sheatly down from the mountain The great procession swent.

- Perchance the bald old engle
 On gray Beth-peer's height,
 Out of his rocky cyrie
 Looked on the wondrous sight;
 Perchance the lion, stalking.
 Still shuns that hallowed spot;
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.
- But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drum,
 Follow the functal car;
 They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his masteriess steed
 While peals the minute gun.
- Amid the poblest of the land,
- Amid the noblest of the land,
 Men lay the sage to rest;
 And give the bard an honored place,
 With costly marble drest,
 In the grand minster transept,
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
 Along the emblazoned wall.
- This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced, with his golden pen
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.
- And had he not high honor!—
 The hill-side for his pall:
 To lie in state, while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers fall:
 And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
 Over his bier to wave;
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in the graye:—
- In that deep grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay
 Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—
 Before the Judgment day;
 And stand with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod.
 And speak of the strife that won our life,
 With the Incarnate Son of God.
- O, lonely tomb in Moab's land?
- O, dark Beth peor's hill!

 Speak to these carious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.

 God hath his mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hiles them deep, like the secret sleep

 Of him He loved so well.

Select Story.

HOW BILES FAILED TO BECOME A LAWYER.

It was just twelve years ago to-day, that I stood a old Bill Wolf's barn-yard, trying to hammer in old fill Wolf's barn-yard, trying to hammer the pin into the bow of an ox yoke, which, after a world of trouble, I had succeeded in placing on the necks of a green pair of steers. The bow was too tight, and every time I attempted to drive the pin into the partially developed hole, the "nigh" steer would give a frightful leap, forward or backward, a struggle would ensue, and the work have to be done over again. I was out of all patience, and felt wonderfully like cutting somebody's throat. I approached as near the awsomebody's throat. I approached as near the awful verge of swearing as my pious teachings would

permit.

"Now, do that again," said I, waxing very wroth, "and I'll break your devilish neck!" I felt that the terrible state of affairs absolutely de-

pin until at has in it went, turned in the notes, and the ceatile were yooked. The moment I let go and the cattle were yooked. The moment I let go and the cattle were yooked. The moment I let go and the cattle were young to the past of the past o dies and a couple of very fashionable young gentlemen—and, as might be expected, they were enjoying themselves hugely. Although very wealthy, Mr. Wolf stuck to his old democratic notions, and would have all the workmen employed about the place at the table, and thus it was that "dinner was waiting" for me. Being brought up in the neighborhood, I had known the family for years, and had worked so long on the farm that I was looked upon as almost one of the family, and hwas rather a privileged character. I had long looked upon Georgie as my personal property, and the absurdity of my claim was never apparent until after her return from school. Ordinarily, I was satisfied with my lot; but when these city people came down from the city, with their fashionable airs and fund of small talk, I felt like a great, useless bull dog by the side of a brace of pointers, and could not resist a growl and snarl,

now and then, to express my dissatisfaction. Then, I felt very keenly the result of a comparison between us; they, with their delicate hands, always in the right place; I, with my ponderous paws, eternally in the way, and obtruding themselves the more from my apparent and useless efforts to hide them.

I had noid two delicas one-sixteenth of my

paws, eternally in the way, and obtruding themselves the more from my apparent and useless efforts to hide them.

I had paid two dollars, one-sixteenth of my monthly wages, for my linen coat, and then it hung like a blanket on old Spotted Tail, the Indian Chief. The amount of it was, my clothes would not fit. The collar of my most extravaging the shirt seemed to choke me; and my Summer breeches would shrink, no matter how much I may have been compelled to turn them up originally, until the bottoms carried on a desperate flittation with the straps of my boots. With a full knowledge of this, I felt remarkably uncomfortable, and perspired like a porpoise, as I sat down that day at dinner.

As the party came into the dining-room, they were engaged in discussing the merits of some book, of which I knew about as much as the "off" steer that had cautered away so furiously a few minutes before. However, I did not care, for I looked upon such accomplishments as effeminate and silly, if I looked at all; and besides, I believe we are a t or povess a contempt for any science and struggle against, one who possessed all these advantages.

I would first maks myself worthy of Georgie; a failing in this, I would return to my honest employment, and try to be content. The "shoema-ker should not be above his last." When I finally came to the determination, I gave the horses a contempt for any science and the first maks myself worthy of Georgie; and Pennington in the strode away toward the barn. That was my first oath, and I had queer feelings over it afterward.

I watched Georgie and Pennington from the window, as they finally rade off down the road, and prayed devontly that the colt would nake one of his side plunges, and land Pennington in the ditch; but the fellow was really a good horse man, and controlled the colt admirably.

We soon followed in the carriage, and from my lone driver's seat, I had ample time for reflection.

After a long study, I came to the conclusion that I was making a fool of myself. Here was I, a great, r

would lead one to think that the mountain beneath was an inexhaustible bed of ore, instead of a waste of sand.

I speak of these things, because the old man, from his associations, had been for some years catching these pieces as they were thrown around, and looked like a piece of quartz, while the young men and ladies were galvanized all over, and glittered like a new bullet.

The discussion continued with a great show of wisdom on both sides, while I sat there and listened, and wondered how on earth those youngsters could have had so much learning crowded into their heads in so short a time. So long as this continued, I felt comparatively comfortable, for they would not notice me, and I was engaged about equally in eating my dinner and casting glances, intended to be defiant, at young Pennington, who, ever since his advent to the farm, had never ceased to ridicule me, and laugh at my awkward manners. I could plainly see he did not like the terms upon which I, a menial, was received at the farm; and I had striven to appear carcless of his sneers, though I am afraid I made a sorry success of it.

Pretty soon the conversation lagged, and the

careless of his sneers, though I am afraid I made a sorry success of it.

Pretty soon the conversation lagged, and the old man broke in with: "How ye gettin' along with the steers, Biles!"

"Oh! pretty well, sir," I replied.

Georgie laughed. "Yes," said she, "I went out there, a few moments ago, and found him crosser than a bear. The brindle ox wouldn't stand, and I heard him make some awful threates."

"Is he dangerous when he threatens?" said one of the young misses.

"Oh! not very," said Georgie.

"Biles, my good man," said Penington, patronizingly, "you ought not to loose your temper with the poor brutes.

with the poor brutes.

"Onghtn't I!" said I.

"No," said Pennington, glaneing at Georgie, to see if she was paying attention; "no, because you are an intelligent being, you know, endowed with reasoning powers; a superior, that is, a—a specimen of the genus home, with faculties and attributes of a high and noble order, while the heasts—the beast of the field—in short, the beast is not."

"Yes," said Pennington and spluttering, at Georgie's feet. I then put on my coat, and stood a little way off, looking at them. Seeing that the principal damage was a cold bath, Georgie turned from Pennington, and, running up to me, threw her arms about my neck, and kissing me in the good old fashion of our younger days, exclaimed:

"Bless your great, big, stout heart, Biles. You are worth a thousand common men."

"Yes," said Pennington; if the head left me to

attributes of a high and noble order, while the beasts—the beast of the field—in short, the beast is not."

"The devil he ain't!" said I. Whatever possessed me to make this profine exclamation, I know not; but I had been bored by this fellow's gratuitous advice until I was desperate; and besides I have the state of the field of the state of know not; but I had been bered by this fellow's gratuitous advice until I was desperate; and besides, I knew he was only talking for the benefit of Georgie, and it irritated me beyond measure. Georgie bit her lip, and looked at her plate; but the old man lifted his head, gazed straight over his spectacles at me for a moment, and then exclaimed: "Biles, don't be a fool."

"I won't," said I.

"Well! don't," he realied

manded this.

"Shame on you, Biles! If I couldn't yoke a pair of steers without swearing, I'd let them go."

I looked around, and there was Georgie Wolf, with her muslin dress gathered up out of the dirt, watching, with a half-amused, half-serious expression, my effort to adjust the yoke.

"I didn't swear," said I, gruffly.

"Yes, you did, Biles," said she, shaking her head sidewise at me, "and you needn't deny it."

"Devilish ain't swearing," said I; "but if I did swear, I guess it's my own business, and you had better go into the house and tend to your city folks, and let me alone." And I made a great show of going on with my work, and being perfectly oblivious of her.

She didn't reply, and I hammered away at the pin until at last in it went, turned in the notch, and the cattle were yoked. The moment I let go my hold upon them, away they went in an awkward gallop, over the bars, and down the field into the pasture.

"Oh, I hope not, I'm sure," said the young lady; "it would be so dreadful."

The horrible thought came into my mind, at that iustant, that perhaps these people might be driven away by a systematic course of swearing, and I mentally resolved to try it, if no other remetally resolved to try it, if no other remetally

"Tighten it yourself," said I.
"You ill-mannered lacquey," said he, "you night to be horse-whipped."
"Why, Biles! won't you tighten the girth for Mr. Pennington!"
"No! I'll be d—d if I do!" I blurted out, and trade away toward the bare. That we are first.

making a food of myself. Here was 1, a distance the diming room, they were engaged in discussing the merits of some book, of which I knew about as much as the "off" steer that had cantered away so fusiosing. As few minutes before. However, I did not care, for I looked upon such accomplishments as effeminate and silly, if I looked at all; and besides, I believe we are a; to p o'cess a contempt for any science we do not understand. I am better since, and have ever been thankful for the circumstances which drove me from the barren ten-acre lot of utter ignorance, into at least a half-section of literary clover.

Most men, when they become wealthy, and the strong of a true peuny. Dip a copper coin in a solution of iodide of potassium and gold, and you have, to all outward appearance, a piece of pure metal. People in the city, of nearly every class, are dipped more or less into this solution, (often times frightfully weak, I admit), and come on with particles of the previous substance elinging to them. Some attract the galvanizing particles more than others, but all are glossed, and corruscate, and scintillate, and throw off the borrowed particles with a prodigility that would lead one to think that the mountain benefits and scintillate, and throw off the borrowed particles with a prodigility that would lead one to think that the mountain benefits and scintillate, and throw off the borrowed particles with a prodigility that would lead one to think that the mountain benefits and the section of the corresponding to them. Some attract the galvanizing garticles more than others, but all are glossed, and corruscate, and scintillate, and throw off the borrowed particles with a prodigility that would lead one to think that the mountain benefits and the product of the borrowed particles with a prodigility that would lead one to think that the mountain benefits and the product of the product

I believe from that time he feared me more than he did the water, for he instantly became passive. When we reached the shallow water, and he felt his feet upon the bottom, his courage returned to him, and he would have released himself, but I clung to him.

In vain he struggled to get loose. I felt humorous, and gathering him up in my arms like a baby, I splashed through the water, up the bank, and laid him, kicking, dripping and spluttering, at Georgie's feet. I then put on my coat, and

great arms, I should have got out with half this fuss."

"Oh, Mr. Pennington," said Georgie, "you would certainly have been drowned."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Georgie, but I am an excellent swimmer," he replied.

"Well, I'll be darned if it wasn't about time you wah twying it," said Whitehead, with a chuckle.

We concluded to go home at once, and it was arranged that I should take the saddle horses, while Whitehead drove the others; Pennington now being considered an invalid. As we were about starting, I some way felt that I had achieved a victory, and, becoming generous at the thought, I offered my dry cont to Pennington, at the same time telling him I did not mind the wet, being used to it. He took it without a word, not even a bow, in acknowledgment, and they drove off. I caught Georgie's eye as they were going, and I noticed a very peculiar expression there, but it only made my heart the lighter.

That night, I sat for a long time on the old worn bench that stood against the path leading to the garden, laying my plans for the future. The events of the day had only confirmed my determination to go, and I wished to fully mature my plans. I had already told Mr. Wolf that I must leave him, for a time at least; and although the old man appeared vexed at my resolution, yet he said perhaps, after remaining so long on the farm; and Perkins could come over and take my place until I came back.

"But suppose I don't come back at all," I ventured.

"Oh! no fear of that," he replied; "you won't

nice farm; or you might—Biles! I have known people to get a good farm in a very easy way, with little trouble."
"How!" said I.

"By marrying them," said Georgie.

I lifted my head in surprise, but Georgie looked

"By marrying them," said Georgie looked perfectly serious.

"Yes," said I, moodily; "but who would marry John Biles ?"

"I don't know who wouldn't," said Georgie, digging a hole in the soft soil with the prettiest little foot that ever belonged to a woman.

A queer light was dawning before me. I stood up before her, lifted her delicate chin with my great hand, and said: "Georgie! would you!"

"Yes," said she, "I would;" and then she broke down entirely, and commenced crying. I took her right up in my amas, as if she had been a child, and gave her an awkward kiss.

"I'm so ignorant, Georgie," said I.

"I will teach you," said she.

"But your father?"

"He would not give you for a dozen of the best men in the country. The said so to-night, and becould not get along without you."

"And Pennington?"

Georgie hesitated a moment; then laughed, and putting her arms around my neck, said: "I am almost ashamed to own it, but when I saw you carrying him out of the water to-day, I even lost all my friendship for him. I have no use for him now."

"God bless you, my little Georgie!" said I. "I

"God bless you, my little Georgie!" said I. "I will strive harder than ever man strove before, but I will make you a good husband."
"I ask nothing but your love, and I can work and wait for the rest."

"Biles! B-i-l-e-s!"

"Do you know it's nearly 12 o'clock !"
"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"Well! ain't you coming to bed to-night!"

"I am almost through, my dear. I want to tell
'em how Pennington took it, and how happy we
have been through all these years, and then put
in a kind of a brilliant peroration, or a moral, or
something of that sort, you know, my dear."

"No, sir! You have told them altogether too
much already. You shall not write any more tonight;" and so I must break short off; but I'll
just say quietly that, that little head enveloped
in the frilled night-cap, and owning the voice you
have just heard, is Georgie's, and I am John Biles,
Esq., President of the Vine County Agricultural
Society, but not a lawyer.
Good night.

Miscellang. THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LITTON. There is no death! The stars go down, To rise upon some fairer shore: And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown, They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread, Shall change beneath the Summer she To golden grain or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize.
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away; They only wait, through wintry hours, The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tree He bears our best leved things sway; And then we call them "dead." He leaves our hearts all desolate-

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones Made glad these scenes of sin and strife, Sings now an everhesting song. Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright, Or heart too pure for taint and vice, He bears it to that world of light, To dwell in Paradise. Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the ac
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread For all the boundless Universe Is life—there are no dead.

The erection of the statue of Professor Morse to-day will celebrate one of the most important contributions which America has made to that material progress of mankind which is the distinctive achievement of the century. There is nothing comparable to it in American annals except the application of steam to transit by water. There is, indeed, some feeble claim that Fulton was not the real inventor of the steamboat, as there is that Morse was not, in a strict sense, the inventor of the method of applying electricity, to commemorate which his statue is to-day to be given to the gaze of New York, and to vindicate for many generations his claim to the honors which the kings and peoples of the earth have already agreed to pay him. The dispute about the real-origination of the idea which Professor Morse has realized is an idle one. It only confirms what the annals of all invention prove—that any memorable invention is not the work of ony single man, but that, as the proverb truly has it, necessity is its monther, and that the ripening of time brings to birth, sometimes in many heads almost at once, the proper fruits of the time. In no case can the sneer of the satirist about the London monument be applied to this monument of New York, nor can it be said that this statue,

"Reaching to the skies."

Like a tall bully life its head and lies. THE MORSE MONUMENT.

"Reaching to the skies." Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies.

The average American reader of printed matter in America would be puzzled to fix at short notice the credit of the invention of that art of printing which he uses every day, and would hover vaguely between Fanst and Guttemburg, while if the question is put by any tour base Herbaut to any native of that soil from the Moerdylato Texel, he would be greeted with the unhesitating and indignant utterance of the unfamiliar name of Laurens Janszoon Kuster. So true is it that mankind, rather than any man or group of men, are entitled to the chief credit for what mankind has done. But Fulton and Morse nevertheless represent and rightly represent the steamboat and the telegraph. It is not the man who thinks out a thing but the man who does it whom his fellows delight to honor. It is not the man who first proved the possibility of a steamboat but the man who first built a steamboat who deserves to be called its inventor. And it is not the man who first proved the possibility of communicating by electricity but the man who first communicated by electricity with other men who deserves to be called the inventor of the telegraph. And there can be as little doubt that Morse first applied electricity to human communication as that Fulton first applied steam to human commerce. In the language of the old doggerel, the popular faith will continue to be, that although "Twas branklin's hand that cangit the horse."

The sort of faculty which works out a scientific problem is not the sort of faculty which is needed to apply scientific discovery to the use of man and to produce that fruit which Bacon declared to be the end of philosophy, "the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate." The whole population will unite to cry hail to-day at the uncovering of the effigy of an American citizen who in his youth won a high place in the annals of art in America, and to whom now, in a prosperous and blanneless old age, it is granted to receive the honorable tribute which in cases of like desert with his is commonly deferred until the

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.—The Rechester Union, in commenting upon the value of printers' ink,

"Well, I don't. I might work here forever, and never get far enough ahead to buy a splinter from a rail; but that's not the point; I want to learn something."

"The professions are all crowded now," said Georgie; "and you might go West, if you were only a mind to, and soon make enough to buy a his advertisements.

"ays:

We have kept the run of parties who used the paper in this city for advertising for the last twenty years, and know whereof we speak; and we say distinctly that we have never known a party to fail in business if he attended to his business, advertised judiciously, and had the goods to back up but a continu

THE POET OF SIERRA PLAT.

The first of the promised series of papers by Bret Harte appears in the July number of the Atlantic Monthly. It is entitled "The Poet of Sierra Flat," and it is a new story of California life, worked out in smooth prose instead of rhymed dialect. The "enterprising editor" of the Sierra Flat Record, while composing in a double sense in his printing office, inditing his "leader" and setting type at the same moment, is startled by the sudden full of a roll of manuscript at his feet. He looks for the person by whom it had been brought; finds nobody; then examines the manuscript, and discovers that it is a verse of exceeding bad quality. A few days after this, the editorial seclusion is invaded by Mr. Morgan McCorkle, a prominent citizen, who ushers in and introduces the poet, who is bashful and awkward, and hasn't a word to say for himself; but McCorkle vouches for him as "a borned poet" hevertheless. "Can jerk a rhyme," says Mr. McCorkle, "as easy as turnin' jack. Never had any eddlestion; lived out in Missoorny all his life. But he's chock full o' poetry. Only this mornin' see I to him—he camps along o' me—Milt "set I, 'are breakfast ready,' and he up and answers quite peart and chipper: The breakfast it is ready, and the birds is singing free, and it's risin' in the dawnin' light is happiness to me!" "When a man," said Mr. McCorkle, dropping his voice with deep solemnity, "gets off things like them, without any call to do it, and handlin' flapjacks over a cook stove at the same time—that man's a borned poet." The poem is paid for—\$50 down—and is published. The mining settlement goes mad over it; a practical joker brings the bashful poet before the public upon the stage of the little local theatre, in which establishment there is a favorite actress known as the "California Pet." This girl saves the poet of Sierra from an untime is a favorite actress known as the "California Pet."

is a favorite actress known as the "California Pet."
This girl saves the poet of Sierra from an untimely fate and runs away from him—and the sequel is told by Mr. McCorkle in a subsequent interview with the editor of the Record, thus:
"Ye may not disremember that about a month ago I fetched here what so be we'll call a young man, whose name might be, as it were, Milton—Milton Chubbuck."
The editor remembered perfectly.

Milton Chubbuck."

The editor remembered perfectly.
"That same party I'd knowed better nor fower year, two on 'em campin' out together. Not that I'd knowed him all the time, fur he war shy and strange at spells, and had odd ways that I took were nat'ral to a borned poet. Ye may remember that I said he was a born poet!"

The editor distinctly did.
"I nicked the same party up in St. Jo. takin' a

"I picked the same party up in St. Jo, takin' a fancy to his face, and kinder kalklatin'he'srunned away from home—for I'm a married man, Mr. Editor, and hev children of my own—and thinkin'belike he was a borned poet—"

"Well," said the editor.

"And, as I said before, I should like now to make a correction in the columns of your valuable paper."
"What correction!" asked the editor.

"I said, if you remember my words, as how he war a borned poet." "From statements in this yer letter, it seems as

how I war wrong." "Well!" "She war a woman."

A New Bog.es of Masonry. The New York *Tribune* is responsible for the following, which we suppose is "on the square:"
A rather young man, whose features exhibited every symptom of having been slightly tinged with emerald, lately entered a jewelry store in New York, and gazing carnestly into the show-case remarked:

"You've got a heap of mighty pretty breast-pins thar, Mister. What mout you ask for 'em ?" "What sort of a pin would you like to look at?"

plain Masonic pin, (the compass and the square); "how much is that yere!" "Five dollars, sir," was the reply. "It's a very

"Five dollars, sir," was the reply. "It's a very fine pin."

"You haven't any one with a little gold handsaw haid across it, hev you!" interrupted the would-be purchaser.

"I believe not, sir," said the merchaut.

"Wish yer had; it would suit me exactly. I'm just out of my time, and gwine to set up as a carpenter and j'iner, and I thought I'd like some sort of a sign to wear about, so folks would have an idea what I was. What do yer tax for that ar pin you've got yer hand on?"

"Seven dollars," producing a compass and square surrounding the letter G.

"Seven dollars, ch!" said the youth. "I'll take it—sorry yer didn't have the hand-saw, though, but reckon everybody'll understand it. The compass to measure out the work, and the square to see it's all right after it's done measured; and every darned fool orter know that G allus stands for gimlet."

Forty Years Ago... Reminiscences of Early Times

Forty Years Ago... Reminiscences of Early Times in Rock Island County.

Forty years ago, yesterday, our esteemed townsman, Judge Spencer, with his family, moved to this city. At that time there were not half a dozen settlers in the county. The Sacs and Foxes had their villages extending along the bluff from this city to the Rock river. On the point just above Sears' mill was the cabin of Black Hawk, their orator, who by his native eloquence could at one moment move his red-faced brethren to tears, and the next aronse them to utter the fearful and terrible wars-whoop, had but just left for Wapello, Iowa, where he was endeavoring to draw his tribe to make their home. The only protection to the few pioneers from these savage tribes was the little garrison at Fort Armstrong, on the Island, and frequently did they have to flee there for safety. Little do the people who now live in the city realize the dangers to which the settlers at that early day were exposed. Wonderful has been the change wrought in this county within the time Judge Spencer has lived here. He came by team across the country from the middle part of the State, and during the last four days of his journey he did not pass a single house. Now, along the whole route he traveled, there is scarcely a quarter section but has a mettler upon it. Rock Island, with not a "pale face" then, has grown to be populated by at least twelve thousand inhabitants.—

Rock Island Union, March 2.

How to Know a Foot .- A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things—anger without cause, speech without profit, change with-out motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from

Any one may do a casual act of good nature; but a continuation of them shows it a part of the

ON MY FORTIETH BIRTH-DAY. Just forty years old! Can it be, can it be, That time is thus rapidly passing from me! That my Spring-time of life has forever gone by, And the more of its splendor illumines the sky!

will be the next best thing in order. This is the grandest and most picturesque for a summer tour that could possibly be selected. The view from the summit of the Berthoud—eleven thousand feet above the ocean—is second only to that obtained from Gray's peak. The descent into the park is rugged enough to satisfy the most exacting searcher after the most wild in nature, and the delights of a month's sojourn in the park—bathing in the hot sulphur springs, shooting elk in the mountains, angling for trout in Grand, gathering moss agates, or wild flowers and berries from every thicket and meadow patch, can only be enjoyed, not described. The pass can only be crossed on horseback, and for some weeks yet snow will be found a considerable obstacle.

A return from Middle Park may be made by way of Breckenridge and the South Park, visiting Fair-

A return from Middle Park may be made by way of Breckenridge and the South Park, visiting Fairplay, Twin Lakes, the Salt Works, and other places of interest. All through the South Park the scenery is simply enchanting, and there is plenty of hunting and fishing. Those who court adventure may be fortunate enough to encounter an occasional mountain lion, here and there a black hear, and by good fortune a genuine grizzly or two.

For those who cannot compass a trip of such a length and hardship, two days from Denver by coach or carriage, will bring them to the foot of Pike's Peak, garden of the gods, and the celebrated soda springs discovered by Fremont. The Monument Park is near by, and will furnish a delightful place of resort for a day or two.

Mr. Greeley has written the following letter to Mr. J. A. Beecher, proprietor of a monthly maga-zine at Trenton, N. J.: NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

WHOLE NUMBER, 731.

FALL OF THE COLUMN VENDOME.

A Graphic Description of the Scene.

Jos first years old! Can it be, can it be, That time is then spidly possing from me! That time is then spidly possing from me! And the sees of its spiecked tilmines the sky! All years it is or the rear habitation of the sky! All years it is or there are habitation which is the state of the

inarticulate accent of terror. Down came the col-mm. The ground quivered. Sand, faggots, ma-nure flew hissing against the sides of honses. A dense cloud of dust rose, hiding everything he-hind its white curtain. Shattered in ten thou-sand atoms, bronze, stone, brick, mortar, a name-less mass of rains, lay what has been the Colomn Vendone. Some of the mob, especially the bon-netless, capless women with dishevelled hair and dirty necks, shrieked "Vive la Republique! Vive la Commune!" Some officer of the National Guarl—some declared him to be General Berger-et, others le Citoven Fortune Henry—climbed on et, others le Citoyen Fortune Henry—climbed on the fragments and prayed. What he said was in-audible. All the bands played at the same time. Several National Guards went on the pedestal of the column and planted red flegs on the ruins. THE PEDESTAL mains. This has always been considered the most admirable portion of the monument. Instru-ments of warfare, uniforms, and other emblems are thrown together on its sides, thrown together as "with wanton heed and giddy cunning," which commands universal applause. The statue of the first Emperor lost its head and one of the feet in the fell.

Early Bays of Wyoming Territory. Early Bays of Wyoming Territory.

In the bar-room of a wayside tavern, where the stage stopped to change horses, and where teamsters tarried to drink, a few rough customers sat one afternoon beside the stove. Enter a mountain ruffian, venomously drunk, who fetched out his revolver and commenced practicing with it at various objects behind the bar and on the walls. While this was going on, the cries of an approaching ox-teamster to his cattle were heard, and soon the driver appeared. Stalking up to the bar, he called for a glass of liquor, but as he raised it to his dirty lips, the tumbler was shattered by a well aimed shot from the practiced man's revolver. Without a word, the buil-whacker put his hand, behind his back, produced his pistol, leveled it at the ruffian's head, and remarked, as the body dropped to the floor: "That d—d scoundred would have hurt somebody pretty soon." He then filled another glass, and drank the contents, strode out as deliberately as he had come in, and with a "whoa, haw, there," started his oxen up the road.

as love Sears' mill was the cabin of Black Hawk, the celebrated linkin chief and warrior. Keeking one monucut move his red-faced brethers to tears, and the next areas them to utter the fearly and the rest areas them to utter the fearly and the rest areas them to utter the fearly and the rest areas them to utter the fearly and the rest areas them to the properties of the

A GOOD way to get sick is to go shopping every day in the week, eat ice cream and cakes for dinner, drink strong tea for supper to strengthen the nerves, and fret the balance of the time because you haven't sufficient funds to buy all the fancy goods displayed.

BUTTERFLIES have been found flying at sea, six hundred miles from land. Their buoyancy is great, and the muscular effort of flying must be small, while the wind drives them forward rapidly over great distances.

A GOOD way to get sick is to go shopping every day in triumphed. I beg you to avail yourself of my experience.—Dr. Chaming.

ONE who sees a "vision of the future and the world that is to be," writes to a Liverpool paper to express his belief that in less than five years the Atlantic will be crossed by steamers in six days. We are unable to say why he reaches this conclusion, and by what agency the trip will be glad to hear that it is to be so, as their opportunities to visit Europe will in that case doubtless he facilitated.

AFTER Waterloo, France.